

LICKING VALLEY COURIER.

VOLUME 2. NO. 52

WEST LIBERTY, MORGAN COUNTY, KENTUCKY, THURSDAY, JUNE 6, 1912.

WHOLE NUMBER 104

OFFICIAL DIRECTORY

Circuit Court: On Fourth Monday in June, and Third Monday in March and November. J. B. Hannah, Judge; John M. Waugh, Com'ly Attorney; R. M. Oakley, Clerk; G. W. Phillips, Trustee of Jury Fund; S. R. Collier, Master Commissioner, J. D. Lykins, Deputy Master Com'r.

County Court: On Second Monday in each month. Quarterly Court: On Tuesday after Second Monday in each month.

Fiscal Court: On Wednesday after Fourth Monday in April and October.

I. C. Ferguson, Presiding Judge.

MAGISTRATE'S COURT. First District—W. G. Short, 1st Monday in each month.

Second District—S. S. Dennis, Tuesday after 1st Monday in each month.

Third District—Eli W. Day, Wednesday after 1st Monday in each month.

Fourth District—Charles Prater, Friday after 1st Monday in each month.

Fifth District—Frank Kennard, Wednesday after 2nd Monday in each month.

Sixth District—J. E. Lewis, Friday after 2nd Monday in each month.

Seventh District—A. F. Blevins, Thursday after 2nd Monday in each month.

Eighth District—Franklin Walter, Thursday after 1st Monday in each month.

COUNTY OFFICERS. Judge—I. C. Ferguson. Attorney—J. P. Haney. Sheriff—H. B. Brown. Treasurer—W. M. Gardner. Clerk—J. H. Sebastian. Supt. Schools—T. M. Barker. Jailor—H. C. Combs. Assessor—Whitt Kemplin. Coroner—C. F. Lykins. Surveyor—M. P. Turner. Fish and Game Warden—W. C. Fugett. Deputy G. W., Jno M. Perry.

West Liberty Police Court—First Wednesday in each month. N. P. Womack, Judge.

The County Board of Education for Morgan county, holds its regular meeting the 2nd Monday in each month.

J. P. HANEY,
County Attorney,
GENERAL PRACTICE,
OFFICE IN COURT HOUSE,
West Liberty, Ky.

W. M. GARDNER,
LAWYER,
WEST LIBERTY, KY.
Office in
Commercial Bank Building

RYLAND C. MUSICK,
Attorney and Counselor at Law,
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ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
WEST LIBERTY, KY.

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ATTORNEYS,
LIBERTY, KY.
COURT HOUSE

Farmer's Corner.

Did you ever stop to think that while the farmer sleeps his corn and wheat and oats and grass are growing? That his calves and pigs and colts are taking on weight and ripening for the butcher or for the market? Did you ever stop to give this question a serious thought? If you have not, take an hour off and do a little earnest thinking along these lines. If a day laborer, a clerk or a book-keeper gets sick or goes on a vacation his income stops then and there while his expenses increase all the while. Not so with the farmer. His income goes on while he is sick or while he takes a week off for recreation.

Young men, think about these things before leaving the farm. In England, France and Germany there are farms which have been in cultivation for a thousand years and yet their average production per acre is more than twice that of the same crop in the United States. What's the lesson? Conserve and add to the fertility of the soil by the application of manure, rotation of crop and scientific cultivation. It is easier and more sensible to preserve the fertility of a farm than to wear it out and the undertake the task of rebuilding it.

Some farmers wail because the robins and catbirds eat cherries. Now I have noticed that with all their eating the birds only eat a small share. They leave the cherry trees, and let the robins eat all they want. If a share of my cherries will coax them to build and rear their young in my orchards, acting as bug police meanwhile, I am the winner.

Watch the plow horse's shoulders this hot weather. A salt water bath after turning out in the evening will keep them tough and prevent soreness. Also see that collars fit well and are kept clean. An animal will do much better work in harness that fits comfortable than it will in ill fitting, broken or disarranged harness.

Make your garden planting smaller and plant more frequently—every week or ten days; this will produce young vegetables that are more tender, juicy and sweet than where large plantings are made and part of the vegetables are allowed to become big, tough and strong flavored.

If you feel all run down and despondent, if you are not sleeping well, if you feel as if life was a real burden and that you must consult a doctor, just think it over. Perhaps all you need is to raise your bedroom window at night.—Farm Journal.

Saphead, living in the city, wrote to a farmer stating that having arranged to spend summer in the country, he desired to purchase an ice-cream cow. The farmer replied by next mail, saying that he had a nice cream cow that would just suit him.—Ex.

Cleanliness is next to Godliness and ahead of it with the milk inspector.

Be sure there are no lice on the young stock when they are turned to pasture.

Despise not the day of the one horse farmer, for it leads to a two horse team.

Mrs. Lela Love, wife of Wiley Love, a farmer living near Covington, Ga., says: "I have taken Foley's Kidney Pills and find them to be all you claim them. They gave me almost instant relief in my kidneys were sluggish and inactive. I carefully recommended them to all sufferers from troubles." Foley's Kidney Pills are as carefully made as any medicine compounded.

Clark Gets State.

Kentucky Instructs for Her Son. Other News of Convention.

The Democratic State convention at Louisville on the 22, elected Gov. Jas. B. McCreary chairman over congressman Ollie James, instructed for Champ Clark for President and harmonized all all factions by electing eight delegates at large to the Baltimore convention.

The convention endorse the administration of Gov. McCreary, endorse the acts of Kentucky's Democratic Congressmen in Congress and ended in a general love feast.

The delegates at large for the State are: James B. McCreary, Ollie M. James, Justus Goebl, C. C. Mayo, J. C. W. Beckham, A. O. Stanley, Allie W. Young and Ben Johnson.

The Ninth district elected the following: Delegates—Proctor Malyin, Boyd county, and J. N. Kehoe, Mason county. Elector—J. W. Riley, Rowan county.

Assistant Elector—A. A. Stamper, Wolfe county.

Vice President of Convention—A. W. Bryon, Bracken county.

Member or Credentials Committee—C. C. Wilson, Greenup county.

Member Resolutions Committee—H. B. Kinsolving, Montgomery county.

Member Permanent Organization Committee—M. M. Redwine, Elliott county.

Member State Central Committee—William A. Young, Rowan county.

Member State Executive Committee—William L. Bramlett, Nicholas county.

John C. C. Mayo was elected National Democratic Committee-man for Kentucky, defeating Urey Wobdson, present committeeman.

A Forecast

We have now approached near enough to the republican national convention to forecast the action of that body. Ex-President Roosevelt will, apparently have a majority of the northern states, while President Taft seems likely to have a majority of the convention including the southern delegates, who represent merely patronage and boodle. Mr. Roosevelt has been careful to arrange for contesting delegates from the south, this was the first indication of his intention to bolt. With a majority of the northern delegate he is in position to have a convention of his own in case his contesting delegates are refused admission.

The conclusion, therefore, is that Mr. Roosevelt will be the nominee of the regular convention or the nominee of a bolting convention. Get ready for the candidacy—he is quiet sure to run.

Can Roosevelt be defeated? Yes, by any good progressive. A progressive will hold the democratic vote and the republicans who oppose a third term will do the rest. Mr. Clark and Mr. Wilson are the leading progressive candidates—either one of them can defeat Roosevelt. The country will never have a President for a third term.—Commoner.

Mrs. John Douglas, a poultry raiser of Nabob, had a turkey hen to sicken and die a few days ago. Sometime later she missed a fine gobbler, and after a long search found the gobbler sitting on a nest of eggs, where the hen had been sitting. The gobbler is so faithful he rarely ever comes off the nest for nourishment, and when he does he returns just as soon as he has eaten.

"I'm tired of laying," complained the hen. "And I'm tired of being about them," chimed the gobbler in cold storage pro-

Roosevelt and Wilson

Win in New Jersey.

Theodore Roosevelt won over President Taft in the primary election in New Jersey Tuesday, by about 10,000 majority, getting all the 24 district delegates and the 4 delegates at large from the State. Governor Woodrow Wilson won out in his own State against strong opposition, electing 21 out of the 23 from the state.

Mary had a little lamb, its fleece was white as snow, it strayed away one day where lambs should never go. And Mary sat her quickly down and tears streamed from her eyes; she never found the lamb because she did not advertise. "And Mary had a brother John who kept a village store; he sat him down and smoked a pipe, and watched the open door. And as the people passed along and did not stop to buy, John still sat and smoked his pipe and blinked his sleepy eye. And so the sheriff closed him out, but still he lingered near, and Mary came to drop with him a sympathetic tear. How is it sister, can you tell, why other merchants here, sell all their goods so readily and thrive from year to year? Remembering her own bad luck the little maid replied: "These other fellows get there John, because they advertise.—Hazel Green Herald (but stolen by it, no doubt.)

The seven day preceding and the seven days following the winter solstice were called by the ancients "haleyon days." This phrase is derived from a fable which set forth that Haleyon, a princess who grieved so deeply for the loss at sea of her spouse, was sent thither in pity in the form of a haleyon bird or fish. According to the fable, haleyon birds had during the time of breeding the power of lulling of the waves, and it was believed at this the sea was always calm and might be navigated with perfect security. Experience, of course, dispelled this tale; but like many another old world story it has left behind it a distorted meaning. In this case the connection between the old and new significance is clear, for the term once expressive of peace and calm upon the waters, is equally expressive of tranquillity upon the sea of life.—Masonic Home Journal.

Yet it is in the power of President Taft and Col. Roosevelt, acting with general Republicans removed from the savage sectional strife. If they will not do this—if it must be either Mr. Taft or Mr. Roosevelt at the head of the Republican ticket, then the factional carnage will continue to the very night of election, with increasing wreck and ruin scattered every foot of the way from the Chicago nomination to the national ballot box.—New York Press.

The late Thomas B. Reed, when a lad, was requested to bail out a small boat that had been leaking badly, and was almost full of water. "I can't do it," replied Tom. "It's unconstitutional." "What do you mean?" inquired the owner of the boat. "The constitution of the United States says," replied the future statesman, "that excessive bail shall not be required of any man."—Youth's Companion.

In a statement issued Wednesday by National Manager F. T. Dubois, of Clarks headquarters, he declared that the nomination of a dark horse by the Democrats at Baltimore convention was an impossibility. Mr. Dubois expressed the opinion that while Speaker Clark may not be nominated on the first ballot, he would eventually get the nomination.

Willis Carter, who has been at work in Illinois for several weeks, has returned home.

Hogwallow News.

A day or so ago a girl was heard to say that she wanted a certain kind of shirt waist pattern for the reason that it made her stick out more.

Sim Flinders continues to linger around the store at Rye Straw waiting for some stranger to come along and buy some oysters in order that he can get the empty can to keep his fishing worms in.

Raz Barlow tried out his new stand-up collar Sunday morning and was forced to abandon the idea of wearing it through the day, as he could not swallow down a long hill to keep out of the way of the buggy, which was running at a high speed at his heels.—Hogwallow Kentuckian.

Frisby Hancock's mule had a close shave from being run over by his buggy Wednesday afternoon. The animal was forced to travel at a break neck gallop down a long hill to keep out of the way of the buggy, which was running at a high speed at his heels.—Hogwallow Kentuckian.

Cherokee Indians

VS.

Morehead

On Sunday June 9, the Cherokee Indians Base Ball team will play Morehead at Morehead. The Morehead and North Fork railroad will run an excursion on that day from Wrigley. The round trip fare from Wrigley and return will be one dollar. Train leaves Wrigley at 11:10 and returns immediately after the game. Game called at 2:30. The Cherokee team is a crack ball team, traveling in their own special car and puts up a fine article of ball.

Lovers of the game may be assured that they will see a first class article of ball Sunday at Morehead has a good team.

Shooting Affray

John Hays and Dick Watkins engaged in a shooting affray at Cannel City Saturday, in which the latter was painfully wounded. Hays used a shotgun and about twenty-five shot struck Watkins in the breast and face. Whiskey and domestic trouble seemed to be the cause.

Thanks, Elam,

The gentleman at the Licking Valley's Courier's desk plainly demonstrates that he has liberal notions under his hat. His frankness and courage in attacking West Liberty's evils and upholding its good qualities gets our cap off to him.—Hazel Green Herald.

H. G. Cottle editor of this great moral engine, is out of town this week with the promoters of the new railroad. The readers of the Courier may thus account for a better paper this week than usual.

Dr. S. R. Collier is erecting a derrick at Cannel City, and will at once begin drilling there. Doctor says that he is drilling an oil well this time, and that if it should prove gas he will not like it.

The tourist, after many hours of tiresome climbing reached the top of Pike's Peak, looked inquiringly around, demanded: "Now show us what this man Pike peeked at?"

Dr. J. D. Whitaker, of Cannel City, and Dr. B. F. Carter, City, were pleasant callers at the Courier office Monday.

"This is where I get off," observed the awkward rider, when his horse proceeded to do some funny bucking.—Ex.

County Att'y. J. P. Haney, was at Caney and Cannel City on legal business last week.

Miss Cata Maxey is visiting at Wrigley this week.

\$8,045 IN PRIZES!

OFFERED BY

The Lexington Herald

In Big Circulation Contest Open to the People of Central and Eastern Kentucky

Three automobiles and thirty-six other prizes will be given to those who receive the most votes in the contest is has just inaugurated. Votes are obtained by clipping daily ballots from The Herald and by securing prepaid subscriptions.

All of the prizes, except the automobiles, will be awarded by districts, into which the Herald's field has been divided, thus equalizing the competition and giving every one who enters an equal opportunity to win a prize.

SUMMARY OF PRIZES.

One Rambler Cross Country Touring Car	\$4,815
One Overland, Model 60-T, Touring Car	1,255
One Napmobile Touring Car	930
One Colby Player Piano	475
Six Columbia Grofonolas	1,200
Six \$100 Diamonds	600
Six \$75 Bank Accounts	450
Six \$75 Furniture Credits	450
Six \$75 Scholarships	450
Six \$50 Merchandise Credits	300
Grand Total of 30 Prizes	\$8,045

Enter the big contest as the representative of your town or county. Man or woman, boy or girl may compete. It costs nothing to enter and nothing to win. Send your name and address today, on the coupon below, to

Contest Dept., Lexington Herald Co., Inc. LEXINGTON, KENTUCKY.

Herald Contest Department, P. O. Box 127, Lexington, Ky.

I desire to enter your contest and will be pleased to have you send me full particulars and receipt book. It is understood that this coupon is to count 1,000 votes for me in case my nomination is accepted.

Name.....
Address.....

Local and Personal.

We are ready for that job of yours.

D. C. Lewis, of Pomp, was in town Friday.

Frank Blair, of Caney, was in town Friday.

Mrs. Joe Tom Carter is very sick with fever.

Eric Henry, of Devil Fork, was in town this week.

R. E. DeHart left Tuesday for Cincinnati on business.

H. C. Combs made a business trip to Hazard last week.

Jas. M. Elam and family are visiting at Wrigley this week.

Dr. E. C. Gevedon, of Grass Creek, was in the City Monday.

Miss Vicie Lewis is visiting relatives on Elk Fork this week.

Thomas Nickell, of Mathew, was in the city on business Friday.

Dr. C. C. Burton, of Licking, transacted business in town Friday.

W. C. Brown, of Paragon, was in town on business one day last week.

Uncle Wm. Miles, of Index, was a pleasant visitor at our office Friday.

Mrs. Genoa Caraway, of Salyersville, visited relatives in town last week.

Deputy U. S. Marshall, Sherman Lewis, of Pomp, was in town Friday.

U. G. Blair, of Craney, was here Friday attending Judge Cisco's court.

Dr. H. V. Nickell and family attended Decoration exercises at Ezel Thursday.

A. J. Williams and Fred Burrows were in Morehead on business this week.

Hathaway Roberts made a business trip to Mt. Sterling Sunday, returning Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Maxey made a flying trip to Sandy Hook the first of the week.

Mrs. Lee Gross and Miss Anna Calahan visited their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Calahan, at Blaza, last week.

Miss Victoria Kilgore, of Caney, who was the guest of Misses Virginia and Myrtle McKenzie from Friday until Wednesday, in company with her hostesses, paid this office a pleasant call Monday afternoon.

Taylor Taulbee, of Daysboro, representing the Lexington Dry Goods Co., and Bruce Cundiff, of War Creek, were in town Friday on business.

Jno. M. Kennard and family went to Logville last week to attend Decoration Day exercises at the Kennard graveyard Tuesday.

Turner Davis, of Marion, O., arrived one day last week to be with his mother, Mrs. Martha Davis, who is very low with consumption.

L. Darrow, La Porte, Ind., W. B. Hutcheson, Morgan City, Ind., and A. T. Maltby, Chicago, railroad promoters, are here this week.

Henry Carr and Homer Seitz Rose spent last week with their uncle and aunt, Rollie Rose and Mrs. Florence Fugett, at Loveland.

Mrs. Anna Lowins, who has been visiting her father, Mr. R. B. Cassity, of this place, returned home Wednesday.

Misses Kathleen Steele, Nancy Phipps and Mrs. Boyd Steele, were visitors at the Courier office Monday evening.

J. H. Williams, of Forest, who has been attending State University at Lexington, was a visitor in town Monday.

Misses Blanch and Mabel Thompson returned Tuesday from Midway where they have been in school.

—Roy Davis, Kelly Carter, Walter Stamp and Volney Cottle took in the ball game at Clearfield Sunday.

Morton Cisco left Saturday for Lexington to attend commencement of Transylvania university.

Miss Stella Cisco, who has been attending Hamilton College, Lexington, has returned home.

Luther Blair, who attended State University at Lexington, the past term, is at home.

Coon Cooper, of Cannel City, was visiting in West Liberty and on Long Branch last week.

Entered as second class matter April 7, 1910, at the post-office at West Liberty, Ky., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

Issued Thursdays by The Morgan County Publishing Co. Incorporated.

TERMS—One Dollar a year in advance

H. G. COTTE, EDITOR.

All communications should be addressed to the Editor.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

We are authorized to announce W. J. FIELDS, of Carter county, as a candidate for the nomination for Congress from the 9th district, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

We are authorized to announce G. V. LYKINS of Grassy Creek, as a candidate for the Democratic nomination for the office of County Judge of Morgan county.

We are authorized to announce ALEX WHITAKER of Caney, as a candidate for the nomination for County Judge of Morgan county, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

We are authorized to announce FRANK KENNAIRD of Logville, as a candidate for the nomination for County Attorney of Morgan county, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

We are authorized to announce H. M. DAVIS of West Liberty, as a candidate for the nomination for County Court Clerk of Morgan county, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

We are authorized to announce REN F. NICKELL of West Liberty, as a candidate for Clerk of the Morgan County Court, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

We are authorized to announce JAMES W. DAVIS of Elizabethtown, as a candidate for the nomination for Superintendent of Schools of Morgan county, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

We are authorized to announce C. E. CLARK of Maytown, as a candidate for the nomination for Superintendent of Schools of Morgan county, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

We are authorized to announce L. A. LYKINS of Index, as a candidate for the nomination for Sheriff of Morgan county, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

We are authorized to announce SAM R. LYKINS, of Caney, as a candidate for the Democratic nomination for Sheriff of Morgan county.

We are authorized to announce W. W. McCLEURE, of West Liberty, as a candidate for the nomination for Jailer of Morgan county, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

We are authorized to announce E. J. WEBB, of Blair's Mill, as a candidate for the nomination for Jailer of Morgan county, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

We are authorized to announce J. H. ROE, of Grassy Creek, as a candidate for the nomination for Jailer of Morgan county, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

We are authorized to announce LEE BARKER, of Malone, as a candidate for the nomination for County Court Clerk, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

We are authorized to announce S. S. OLDFIELD, of Index, as a candidate for the nomination for County Court Clerk, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

GIVE THE MOUNTAINS A CHANCE

JUDGE A. J. KIRK FOR APPELLATE JUDGE

Judge Andrew J. Kirk, of Paintsville, Johnson County, Kentucky is a candidate for Judge of the Appellate Court from this the Seventh Appellate District. He has served two terms as Circuit Judge of the Twenty-fourth Judicial District, being elected the last time without opposition from either Republicans or Democrats. He is seldom reversed in the Court of Appeals and has made a record to be proud of as Circuit Judge. He is well qualified to fill this office, is the logical candidate at this time, is a deserving Republican, and is a mountain man.

This office has been held by a Montgomery County man for the past forty-six years. It is time the mountain people were given some representation. Friends of Judge Kirk over the district are confident he will win, and he is becoming more popular each day.

The Primary election will be held on Saturday August 3rd. Let every Republican in the county go to the polls and help Judge Kirk, a mountain man, and the son of an old soldier, win the nomination.

We are authorized to announce JOHN PATRICK, (Assessor John) of Grassy Creek, as a candidate for the nomination for Assessor of Morgan county, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

We are authorized to announce REV. W. H. LINDON of Insko, as a candidate for the nomination for Assessor of Morgan county, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

We are authorized to announce GEO. W. STACY, of Grassy Creek, as a candidate for the nomination for Jailer of Morgan county, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

A DESERVING DEMOCRAT.

We understand there is considerable pressure being brought to bear upon our friend and fellow Democrat, Chas. D. Arnett, to enter the race for the nomination for Senator for the 34th district of Kentucky. It were well to bear in mind, while casting about for a senatorial candidate, that this district is not very largely democratic. That when the present incumbent, Hon. E. E. Hogg, was in the last election of

A. H. Patton, the district was thought to be doubtful or republican by a small majority. That in the senatorial race preceeding a Republican was elected over a Democrat. Bearing these things in mind it behooves the party to act wisely and conservatively in the selection of a standard bearer who is to lead us in the fight for control of the district at the next senatorial election. We would act very foolishly if we surrendered the advantage which is ours, made a mistake in the selection of a party nominee at the next primary election.

Charley Arnett was born and reared in an adjacent county to Morgan. He is a Democrat and a member of a democratic family. He has been a resident of this county for several years, and since living here he has ever taken and active interest in politics and been prominently identified with the interests of his party. He has given unstintingly of his time and means in the furtherance of democratic principles, and his party or its nominees have never called him in vain. Qualified by education and experience, acquainted with needs of the people of the district, honest and fearless in the discharge of duty, he would, if nominated and elected, do honor to his party and reflect credit upon his people.

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A few days ago I saw a man, who is, in the common acceptance of the term, a sinner, a profane, stop to remove a protruding nail from a piece of lumber which had been thrown upon the street, saying as he did this, that some child might step on it and ruin its foot. A little act, but it showed that his heart was not on the wrong side. But he is not a Christian, say the church members—he is not of our kind. Right you are for once, sanctimonious jabberwocks. He is not of your kind. But don't flatter yourself with the idea that because you attend church regularly, sit in the "Awmen Cawner," groan and look like you had recently swallowed a pound of putty, and kick and cuss every body who don't do likewise, that you and your kind have the world's stock of religion cornered. The man who removed the nail, despicable as he may seem to you, may have the call when Peter unlatches the pearly

gates of heaven. The history of politics there has never been a campaign conducted upon a higher plain nor one fraught with less vindictiveness or mudslinging than Speaker Clark's campaign for the presidential nomination. If he is the nominee of the Democratic party, which he is sure to be, there is not a Republican between Cape Cod and the Golden Gate who can defeat him at the polls next November.

Roosevelt has told of every dishonorable thing Taft has done during his administration except his appointment of Richard E. Sloan as Federal Judge of Arizona, and yet this appointment was the president's crowning act of infamy. Do you bunk in a bungalow made of galss; Colonel?

If I were Doc Wiley I'd go a-gunning for every blasted editor in the country who persisted in writing about my baby.

Seriously, isn't it tiresome to read all this tommyrot in the daily press, about the Wiley kid?

The temperature took a tumble of several degrees just about the time the State convention was organized at Louisville. Wonder if the cooling off of the politicians had anything to do with it?

Blessed is the man who puts in one half of his time attending to his own business and the other half letting other people's business alone.

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Smiles, like ether, permeate the entire universe.

The worst mistakes are usually made on purpose.

It takes a strained friendship a long time to recover.

Has "The cup of cold water in charity given" become a nonentity?

The man who looks for the bad in others sees only his reflected image.

The worst curses and imprecations are those which are never spoken audibly.

If you would set yourself right with God first get yourself right with your fellow man.

Practical politics has chased patriotism to a hole and practical politicians are hell bent on keeping it there.

If it should be Debs and Bryan and Roosevelt we would have a lively gab-fest till after the November election.

If Roosevelt should be elected president this fall old Atlas would have to look out for another job after March 4th 1917.

Remove all restraint from many so called good men and the world will thenceforth know them only as the worst of the bad.

When I hear some people say, "Of course we don't associate with so and so or such and such," I am convinced that ipecac, as a popular emetic, is gradually passing into disuse.

Don't trust Providence to do too much for you. If the job looks tough you had better screw up your courage and tackle it yourself. That Providence game has been overworked anyhow.

GUMPTION
Which is Common Sense without Educational Furbelows.
By L. T. HOVERMALE.

That Dog Dinner.

Recently some of the "ladies" of New York's "Four Hundred" gave a dinner for their poodle dogs that cost several thousand dollars. My heartiest sympathy and earnest commiseration goes out to the dogs on account of their forced association with such she-males. The poodle is accounted an intelligent canine, and it must be hard, extremely hard, on them to be compelled to associate with such brainless, purposeless travesties on woman.

What must be the lot of the husbands of these creatures it's hard to imagine, though I've heard that most of them seek refuge in "affinities." But in regard to the poodles, I earnestly call the attention of President George T. Angell to the case and insist that it merits the intervention of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

But beyond the foolishness of these petted, painted parvenues is the effect that these things have upon the general unrest of the country. The idle rich, who live in luxury from the unpaid toil of labor, have sins enough to answer for without flaunting their wealth in the face of poverty. Already the toiling millions are muttering their discontent, and the wisest heads and the most devoted hearts are trying to solve these problems in a way that means peace. Yet the brainless acts of a few damned fool men or "damned" fool women may be the match that starts the fires of a bloody revolution.

This time has come when we can not ignore such things. It

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is not a time when the idle rich can safely taunt the toiler with his poverty. The grinning optimist who sees naught of the seething hell of discontent, that permeates the laboring class, at the unjust oppression should take another look. In the city where this "dog dinner" was pulled off thousands of babies were dying from the lack of nourishing food; thousands of willing men were begging to be allowed to work; in the squalid tenements of that city, where less than four per cent of the people own their homes, multiplied thousands are crowded in health-destroying conditions in the effort to bring the cost of living within the limits of their earnings, and amidst this, and more, these heartless beneficiaries of unearned increment wrung from suffering labor, lavish thousands upon a dinner for dogs!

The man who shouts that the laborer ought to get out and seek better wages is a fool, or worse, a knave. Even organized labor is powerless to combat the conspiracy of wealth. Let it strike for a living wage and capital imports foreign labor. If the strikers seek to win the imported laborers to their cause a Federal Judge stops them with an injunction and puts in prison those who dare to criticize. No, the laborer is powerless—now. When he realizes that he must look to the ballot for relief, and exercises it intelligently, he will get his rights. True patriots are seeking to enlighten the laborer, but the ultra-rich seem determined to goad them to desperation.

It was not against Louis XIV that France rebelled and inaugurated the Reign of Terror, for Louis was a kind old man, but it was against the unbearable conditions that the rich—the aristocrats—had forced upon the people. And in the frenzy of revolution the good and the bad alike suffered. Those who think that a show of force, the intimidation of the laborer by Federal Court and Army, will cause the masses to yield more of their rights, cry: "Don't arouse a sense of class-consciousness in the people." The only salvation for the people is the thorough realization of their class. When they realize the unbridgeable gulf that separates the worker—the producing class, and the idle, the consuming class, they will be able to seek out and remove the cause of the class distinction. The rich are conscious of their class. They draw the line in society, in business, in politics and in religion. Let the laborer realize that he and his kind are a class. That there is not anything in common between his class and the capitalistic class. That under our present monopolistic (erroneously called competitive) system, the class wall is insurmountable.

Let a new Declaration of Independence be promulgated! Demand that labor shall have all that labor produces! Every laborer is entitled to Life, Liberty and Luxury! Why should the man who builds mansions live in a hovel? Why should the man who produces luxuries be denied life's necessities?

Two Real Estate Bargains.

We have for sale what is known as the "Uncle Billy Elam" farm on 3 1/2 miles from one mile east of West Liberty. The farm contains 120 acres, 90 acres of which is well timbered. Good dwelling, good barn and all necessary outbuildings, good well and young orchard. 15 acres of bottom land.

One of the most desirable homes in Morgan county will sell cheap on easy terms. House and lot on Glenn Avenue; large lot, nice new cottage with 4 rooms and hall, plumbed for gas, insurance paid for three years, good well good garden. Also small two room cottage in rear. Barn lot contains 3/4 acres and is separated from residence lot by an alley.

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Sheriff's Sale for Taxes.

By virtue of the taxes due the State and county (which taxes having been paid by me and the money is now due to me individually) for the years 1910-11, I will, at the Court House door, in West Liberty, Ky., on

MONDAY, JUNE 10, 1912, (it being County Court day) expose for sale the following real estate to satisfy said taxes:

(1910)	Lando Craft, land; land, poll and dog tax.....	\$ 4.40
(1911)	Mack Adkins, land; land and poll tax.....	8.50
"	Freeland Blankenship, land; land and poll tax.....	8.42
"	David H. Link, land; land and poll tax.....	5.77
"	John Ratliff, land; land and poll tax.....	3.24
"	D. A. Lewis, land; land and poll tax.....	4.13

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Horse, Jack and

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MY LADY OF DOUBT

BY RANDALL PARRISH

Author of "Love Under Fire," "My Lady of the North Star"

Illustrations by HENRY THIEDE

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SYNOPSIS.

CHAPTER I—Major Lawrence, son of Judge Lawrence of Virginia, whose wife was a Lee, is sent on a perilous mission by Gen. Washington, just after the winter at Valley Forge.

CHAPTER II—Disguised in a British uniform arrives within the enemy's lines.

CHAPTER III—The Major attends a great feast and saves the "Lady of the Blended Rose" from mob. He later meets the girl at a brilliant ball.

CHAPTER IV—Trouble is started over a waltz, and Lawrence is urged by his partner, Mistress Mortimer, the Lady of the Blended Rose, to make his escape.

CHAPTER V—Lawrence is detected as a spy by Captain Grant of the British army, who agrees to a duel.

CHAPTER VI—The duel is stopped by Grant's friends and the spy makes a dash for liberty, swimming a river following a narrow escape.

CHAPTER VII—The Major arrives at the shop of a blacksmith, who is friendly, and knows the Lady of the Blended Rose.

CHAPTER VIII—Captain Grant and his men arrive and search the blacksmith shop in vain for the spy.

CHAPTER IX—Lawrence joins the minute men who capture Grant and his train.

It was an hour or more after dark when our compact little body of horsemen rode down a gully into a broad creek bottom, and then advanced through a fringe of trees to the edge of the stream. There was a young moon in the sky yielding a spectral light, barely making those faces nearest me visible. At the summit of the cloy bank, shadowed by the forest growth encircling them, were the others who had gathered at this war rendezvous, the majority dismounted, holding their horses in readiness for action. As we rode in among them neighbors clasped hands silently, but the words exchanged were few. Farrell forced his horse through the press toward me, a tall figure sat stiff in the saddle, and my own horse followed unguided.

"A goodly turn-out, Duval," he commented briefly. "What was the number before we came?"

"Forty-seven rifles," the Lieutenant's voice nasal, and high pitched. "The men from Germantown and Springfield are not in yet. How many arrived with you?"

"Twenty; ample for our purpose, even if the others fail us. This is Major Lawrence of the Maryland Line."

I shook his long, thin hand, marking the iron grip of the fingers.

"Well, introduce you to some typical Jersey fighting tonight, Major," he said gently. "We have a style all our own."

"Had supposed I had witnessed all styles."

"Well, see; the difference is that every man among us has some outrage to revenge. Our quarrel is a personal one against thieves and murderers. What is the program, Farrell?"

"To intercept Delavan's raiders. They will go along the main road within the hour from all reports. He has a wagon train loaded with stuff gathered up between Medford and Mount Holly, together with a considerable drove of cattle and some horses."

"And what force?"

"About fifty men originally, but reinforced this afternoon with as many more to help guard the train into Philadelphia."

"Mounted?"

"The reinforcements were, but the original foragers were afoot; they were Hessians; the others Grant's company of Queen's Rangers."

"Glory be to God!" exclaimed a voice near at hand. "Did you hear that, boys? It's Dutchmen and Tories we're against tonight. Be Gerry! I wouldn't have missed the chance of this shindy for the best form in Camden."

There was a low growl from the cluster of men, and an ominous movement of bodies pressing closer. Duval laughed heartily.

"The bloodhound takes the scent," he said grimly. "God help those poor devils when we cut the lead, Farrell. Where do you propose meeting them?"

"Across there in the bluffs," pointing, "where the road turns in between the high clay banks. We'll leave our horses here, an' cross on foot. Is that the right plan, boys?"

There was a murmur of acquiescence, a few questions, and then the silence of approval. It was evident these minute men were under small discipline, and their officers led only by force of character. Without orders the horses were led away, tied securely in the black depths of the woods, and the men came struggling back, rifles in hand, grouping themselves along the edge of the stream.

There was no attempt at military formation, but Duval straightened them out so as to count the number present.

"Sixty-nine, all told," he announced briefly. "All right, boys, come on, and keep your powder out of the water."

He was firm about it, but the water above the wharf, with sufficient light so we had to brace against it.

The road was a gradual rise, the clay packed hard under foot, but from the summit we could look away for some distance over a level country, dimly revealed under the new moon. There was nothing in sight, and no sound disturbed the solitude. We went down on a bunch of turf, rifles in hand, to wait patiently, our eyes scanning the distance.

"Who are those fellows back there?" I questioned at last, made nervous by the silence.

"The boys in the gulch? Jersey millitamen," he explained shortly. "You see there's some of us that can't get away all the time, because of the women and children, and the farm work. Besides, regular soldiering don't just appeal to our sort. So we do our fighting round home in our own way. However, the most of us manage to have a hand in the real thing once in a while even at that."

We were over at Germantown, and down at Brandywine. Farrell's got a commission, but the rest of us are taking our chances. It's a neighbor against neighbor. Whatever we've got left has been held at the point of the rifle. We're doing our share in this war, an' Washington knows it. Over there to the east 'Red' Fagin, Old Man Kelly, an' their gangs of Phil Rovers, are making the fields red; sometimes they get down this far raiding the farms, but mostly, we're fighting forgers out of Philadelphia, and they're not much better. Half the houses in this country have been burned, and mercy isn't very common on either side. Those kids yonder are not pretty soldiers to look at, but they're wolves to fight, and hungry for it."

"They are called on whenever Farrell wishes?"

"Well, yes; those come who can. They're not always the same bunch. You see Farrell covers quite a bit of country, with a Lieutenant in each section who is in touch with the neighbors here and New York. Whenever there is a big fight on, the most of us get called somehow. Washington counts on us in a pinch, but mostly we're raiding or cutting off British supplies. Say, Major, isn't that those fellows coming?"

He pointed into the east, in which direction the road ran, barely revealed by the faint light of the moon for perhaps a hundred yards. I looked eagerly, and could dimly distinguish a vague shadow on the summit of a distant rise of land. The shadow moved, however, and as we both stared in uncertainty, there came to our ears the far-off croak of a whip. We drew farther back against the bank, drawing to make sure there was no deception. One by one we could perceive those vague shadows topping the rise and disappearing. I counted ten, convinced they were covered wagons.

"Are you in command?"

"No," said Duval; "but I represent the commander."

"I deal with the one responsible in this affair and demand terms. Who is your leader?"

Duval smiled, turning his head inquiringly.

"I don't think you have much choice," he commented dryly. "However, perhaps you are not too proud to talk to a regular who outranks you? I present Major Lawrence, of the Continental Line."

Surprised as I was by being thus suddenly thrust forward into supreme authority, I at last understood the purpose, and stepped to the front. Grant stared at my face in the gleam of the smoking torch, almost as though he looked upon a ghost.

"You!"

"Certainly, Captain. It is a pleasure to meet with you again, especially under such happy circumstances. But my men are becoming impatient. Do you surrender?"

"Under what terms?" he parried.

"None, but we are not savages. You will be treated as prisoners of war. His hatred of me made him obstinate, but the utter helplessness of their position was too apparent to be ignored. A Hessian muttered something in German, and Grant dropped the point of his sword with an oath.

"Good," I said promptly. "Lieutenant, have your men disarm the prisoners."

There was no resistance, and the millitamen horded them against the bank, encircled by a heavy guard. Duval singled out the officers from among the others, and brought them forward to where I stood. There were but three—Grant and two Hessians. I looked at them keenly, recalling the slight figure of the young lieutenant with the boy's voice. Could the lad have been shot, or what had become of him?

"Are you three all that are left?" I questioned bluntly. "Who commanded the vanguard?"

The two Hessians looked at each other stupidly, and I asked the question again before Grant saw fit to reply. His manner was excessively insolent.

"That is more than I know. We joined after dark, and I did not meet Delavan's officers."

"He was tall, you call maybe a volunteer lieutenant," added one of the Hessians brokenly. "At Mount Holly we met, yeh, and from there he joined."

"Not one of Delavan's men then?" I asked; he was Light Dragon. I had the wagon guard—the first vag-

ones—an' see him there. Mine Gott! he come back vid his mens all right—slash, shoot—his horse rear up; that was the last I see already."

"This lad got away, with three others, sir," broke in a new voice at my back. "They wheeled and rode through us, across the water. We thought the horse guard would get them over there, but I guess they didn't; anyhow there was no firing. The fellows must have turned in under the bank, and rode like hell."

Satisfied as to this incident, and not altogether regretful that the boy had thus escaped, I held a short consultation with Duval, seeking explanation as to why the command had been so unceremoniously thrust upon me. A few words only were required to make the situation clear. Farrell's ability to injure and annoy the enemy largely depended on his leadership, not being known. While taking part in every engagement, he always required his lieutenants to represent him in negotiations, so that up to this time, whatever the British might suspect, they had no positive proof that he was openly in arms against them. Duval, in turn, taking advantage of my presence, had shifted the responsibility to my shoulders.

"But what do you people do with your prisoners?" I asked.

"Send 'em to the Continental lines when we can," he explained, "and if we can't turn 'em loose. No use paroling 'em, as they consider us guerrillas. If I was you I'd run 'em back to the farm house across the creek, an' hold 'em there till we get rid of this stuff. Maybe I'll take twenty-four hours to hide it all, and turn the wagons. The boys can turn 'em loose, an' there's no harm done. I'd like to take that fellow Grant into our lines—he's a mean pillooting devil—but it's too big a risk. Bristol is about the nearest picket post, and the redecoats have got cavalry patrols all along in back of the river."

"But I cannot wait here," I answered, impatiently. "Farrell understood that. I have important information for Washington, and only came with you tonight because you were following along my route. I've got to go on."

"That's all right; just give your orders, and we'll attend to the rest. What we want is for these lads to go back to Philadelphia saying they were attacked by a force of militia under command of an officer of the Continental line. That will give Clinton a scare, and turn a wagon away from us. Grant knows you, I understand, so he'll report the affair that way. You can be off within thirty minutes."

"It was easy to grasp the point of view, and I saw no reason for refusing assistance. I gave the necessary orders, standing under the torchlight in full view, and waited while a squad of partisans rounded up the disarmed prisoners, and guarded them down the slope to the edge of the stream. Teams were doubled up, and several of the heavy wagons rumbled away into the darkness. Two, too badly injured to be repaired, were fired where they lay, the bright flames lighting up the high banks on either side. The road, I found, a big black horse, with British arms on the hind and a pair of loaded pistols in the holster, a fine-looking animal, and came back into the fire glow, determined to face no more time. Duval's horse appeared, but as I stood there looking about for him to say good-bye, a young country fellow came up hurriedly from out the darkness.

"You're wanted down there," he said, with the jerk of a thumb over his shoulder. "The Tory officer wants to see ye."

"What officer? Captain Grant?"

"I reckon that's the one," indifferent; "anyhow I was told to fetch ye down there. Bannister sent me."

I went as he directed down the rutty road, my newly appropriated horse trailing along behind. Grant was pacing back and forth restlessly, but as soon as I appeared within the fire radius, he came toward me.

"Can I see you alone?" he asked brusquely.

"If there is any reason for privacy, certainly," I answered in surprise. "What do you wish to say?"

"This is a matter strictly between us," he said. "I prefer not to discuss it publicly here."

I had a suspicion of treachery, yet was not willing to exhibit any reluctance.

"Very good. Bannister," to the partisan in charge, "I want a word with Captain Grant, and will be responsible for his safe return."

The man looked after us doubtfully, yet permitted us to pass beyond the guard lines. There was a stump beside the ford, barely within the flicker of the distant fire, and there I stopped, leaning against my horse, and waiting so as to look into the man's face.

"Well, Grant," I said, sternly. "We are alone now; what is it?"

He cleared his throat, evidently uncertain how best to express himself. "Why did you ask so many questions about Delavan's lieutenant?" he began sullenly. "What were you trying to find out?"

CHAPTER X.
A Capture.

What was the matter with the fellow? Could he have sent for me merely to ask that question, insisting on privacy? There must surely be some hidden purpose behind this. Yet if so, there was no betrayal in the man's face. His eyes had an angry gleam in them, and his words were shot at me in deadly earnest.

"The lieutenant?" I repeated, not prepared for a direct reply. "Why, I hardly know—curiously largely."

He stared at me in manifest unbelief.

"What do you expect to gain by lying?" he exclaimed sullenly. "You saw him, no doubt, or you would not have asked what you did."

"Certainly I saw him," more deeply puzzled than before at his insolence. "He was what aroused my interest. He seemed such a merd as he rode past, and later I heard his voice, the voice of a boy."

"Was that all?"

"All? What else could you suppose? It was dark, only a little gleam of moon revealed outlines. I couldn't distinguish the face, but when he failed to appear after the fight I remem-

bered him, and was as glad he had been hurt. Now I want to know what you mean. Who was the lad?"

He had seated himself on the stump, and was leaning forward, his face hidden from the light of the fire. "Well, go on then," he returned finally. "If that's all you saw of him it's all right."

"No, it's not all right," I insisted, aroused by his peculiar actions. "What is all this mystery about? You told me you didn't know the man."

"I said I hadn't seen him," that he corrected sharply. "But you needn't try to interview me, Major Lawrence, stiffening with anger, 'for I haven't anything to say to a spy and leader of guerrillas."

"You requested this interview; however, if you are satisfied I am, and you can return to your men. Shall I call the guard?"

He hesitated a moment, but whatever it was which had first inspired



"If You Interfere in My Personal Affairs Again I Am Going to Kill You."

him to question me, was too strong to be thrown aside.

"Did—did Mistress Mortimer help you escape from Philadelphia?" he asked bluntly.

"That is entirely my affair. Why don't you ask the lady herself?"

"See here, damn you!" he burst out. "I haven't seen the lady. When I got back to the dining room she was gone, and then I was ordered out here. But you knew you were being sought after, and I cannot imagine who else told you."

"You do not exhibit very great faith in the lady—the daughter of a loyalist."

He drew a quick breath, suddenly aware that he had gone too far.

"It is your sneaking spy methods that the girl. She is innocent enough, but I suspect you dragged the truth out of her. Now see here!" and his voice took on the tone of a bully.

"You are in power just now, but you won't always be. You can't hold me prisoner; not with these rogues. They'll turn us loose as soon as they loot those wagons. I know how they work in the Jerseys. But first I intend to tell you something it will be worth your while to remember. Claire Mortimer is going to be my wife—my wife. War is one thing, but if you interfere in my personal affairs again, I am going to kill you."

"Indeed," sullenly. "Is Mistress Mortimer aware of the honor you are according her?"

"She is aware of the engagement, I think is what you mean. It has been understood since our childhood."

"Oh, I see; a family arrangement. Well, Grant, this is all very interesting, but I am unable to conceive what I have to do with it. I met Mistress Mortimer by accident, and then was determined enough to dance with her. This scarcely likely we shall meet again. The daughter of a colonel of Queen's Rangers is not apt to come again into contact with an officer of the Maryland Line. I don't know why you should single me out in this matter. I don't even know the lady's brother."

"Her brother?"

"Yes, the family renegade; the twin brother on Lee's staff."

I could not perceive the expression of the man's face, but he was a long while answering.

"Oh, yes. She told you about him?"

"It was mentioned. Would I know the boy from any resemblance to his sister?"

"Yes—yes; at least I should suppose so. You must have become very intimate for her to have told you that. You see it—it is a family secret."

"Nothing for Tories to boast over. I should imagine. However, it came up naturally enough while we spoke of the sufferings of the American army during the winter. It is a sad thing the way this war has divided families. Has Mistress Claire any Colonial sentiments?"

"How the devil do I know! She would not be likely to tell me before me. I don't know what fool trick she played on her last night, but she's on the right side just the same."

"I think so, too."

His manner was so disagreeable that I instantly determined to have an end. I had more important work before me than quarreling with this fellow, and somehow, his claimed intimacy with Mistress Mortimer grated upon me strangely.

"If that is all you requested an interview for, Captain Grant," I said coldly, "I'll trouble you to return to your men."

Irritated that I had even condescended to question him, I turned back up the road to where the men were busy about the wagons, spoke a few words to Duval, he explaining to me the best route toward the river crossing at Burlington, and then swung in to the saddle and sent the black forward to the crest of the ridge.

I permitted the animal to go his own gait, and for a mile or more he kept up a hot gallop, finally thiring to a trot. So far as I could judge from the few stars visible we were traveling almost due north. However, I was certainly getting further away from the British lines, and could swing to the left at daylight. It made little difference where I struck the Delaware; every mile north added to my safety.

My horse had fallen into a long swinging lope, bearing us forward rapidly. The moon had disappeared, but the sky was glittering with stars, and I could distinguish the main features

of the country traversed. I was on the crest of a slight ridge, but the road curved to the left, leading down into a broad valley. There were no signs of habitations, until we rounded the edge of a small grove, and came suddenly upon a little village of a dozen houses on either side the highway. These were wrapped in darkness, apparently deserted, shapeless appearing structures, although I thought one had the appearance of a tavern, and another seemed a store. There was a well in front of this last, and water sparkled in a log trough beside it. My horse stopped, burying his nostrils in the water, and suddenly made aware of my own thirst, I swung down from the saddle. My hands were upon the well-rope when, without warning, I was gripped from behind, and flung down into the dirt of the road. I made desperate effort to break away, but two men held me, one with knee pressed into my chest, the other uplifting the butt of a pistol over my head. There was not a word spoken, but I could see they were in uniform, although the fellow kneeling on me had the features and long hair of an Indian. My horse started to bolt, but his rein was gripped, and then a third figure, mounted, rode into the range of my vision.

"Search him for weapons, Tonopah," said a boyish voice briefly. "There are pistols in the saddle holsters, but he may have others. Then to him up as quick as you can."

There was no mistaking my captors—the young dragoon lieutenant, and the three who had escaped with him. But why had they ridden in this direction? What object could they have in thus attacking me? They afforded me little opportunity for solving these problems. Had I been a bale of tobacco I could not have been treated with less ceremony, the white man unelapsing my belt, while the Indian, with a grunt, flung me over on my face, and began blading hands and feet. I kicked him once, sending him tumbling backward, but he only came back silently, with more cruel twist of the rope, while the boy laughed, bending over his horse's neck.

"Hold him up on the black, lads," he said shortly, reining back out of the way. "Delavan's horse, isn't it? Yes, tie his feet underneath, and one of you keep a hand on the reins. Peter, you and Cass ride with him. I want Tonopah with me. All ready? We'll take the east road."

Some one struck the horse, and he plunged forward, swerving sharply to the right in response to the strong

hand on his bit. I swayed in the saddle, but the bonds held, and we went loping forward into the night.

CHAPTER XI.

Introducing Peter.

It was a new country to me that we traversed, a rolling country, but not thickly settled, although the road appeared to be a well-beaten track. The gloom, coupled with the rapidity of our movements, prevented me from seeing anything other than those dim objects close at hand, yet we were evidently traveling almost straight east. I endeavored to enter into conversation with the two fellows riding on either side of me, but neither one so much as turned his head in response to my remarks, and I soon tired of the attempt. The night told me little of who they might be, although they were both in the uniform of the Queen's Rangers, the one called Peter on my right a round, squat figure, and bald-headed, his bare scalp shining oddly when once he removed his cocked hat; the other was an older man, with gray chin beard, and glittering display of teeth.

The movements of my horse caused the ropes to lacerate my wrists and ankles, the pain increasing so that once or twice I cried out. The fellow guarding me did not even turn their heads, but the lieutenant drew up his horse so as to block us.

"What is the trouble? Are you hurt?"

"These ropes are tearing into the flesh," I groaned. "I'd be just as safe if they were loosened a bit."

I saw him lean forward, shading his face with one hand, as he stared toward me through the darkness. I thought he drew a quick breath at my surprise, and there was a moment's hesitancy.

"Let out the ropes a trifle, Peter," came the final order.

The little bald-headed man went at it without a word, the lieutenant reining back his horse slightly, and drawing his hat lower over his eyes. In the silence one of the horses neighed and the boy seemed to straighten in his saddle, glancing suspiciously about.

"Ride ahead slowly, Tonopah," he ordered. "I'll catch up with you." He turned back toward me. "Who are you, anyway?"

"I am a private in the Queen's Rangers, and I am a member of the Maryland Line."

"That is all right," he said, "but I am a private in the Queen's Rangers, and I am a member of the Maryland Line."

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Only two houses out of each thousand burn. Every body must die. Yet people beg to insure their houses, and put off life insurance or never take it. Call and let us explain our coupon Premium Reduction life policy: how the accumulation on what you pay make each succession payment smaller. Protect your family—increase your estate. COTTLE & HOVERMALE.

JAS. M. ELAM,

Watchmaker &

Jeweler,

WEST LIBERTY, KY.

Repairing promptly done.

All work guaranteed.

O. F. HENRY,

WEST LIBERTY, KENTUCKY,

REPRESENTING

HUTCHINSON STEVENSON HAY

COMPANY,

Wholesale Hatters,

Charleston, S. C. : : West Va.

YOUR ORDERS SOLICITED.

MILLINERY

Miss Dora Swango

Has a complete and

Stylish line of

MILLINERY

At the SEITZ POSTOFFICE BLDG

Call on Her



The FREE Is the only Insured Sewing Machine

Just Think of It? The FREE Sewing Machine is insured for five years against accident, breakage, wear, fire, tornado, lightning and water. This shows our faith in

FREE Sewing Machine

Send for our booklet "In the Day's Work" FREE SEWING MACHINE CO., Chicago, Ill.

Sold by J. M. ELAM, West Liberty, Ky.

Coal Tract for Sale.

We have a 600 acre tract of coal land in Breathitt county, situated on the O. & K. R. R., that we will sell at a very low figure, if taken soon. We will sell in fee for less than the usual mineral right price. See us and get this bargain.

COTTLE & HOVERMALE.

PATENTS

RESPONDENCE

DINGUS

M. E. Conley has been sick the past week.

Mrs. Allie Dawson, of Floress, visited her sister, Mrs. Paulina Williams, Saturday night.

Born to the wife of Noah Williams, a boy.

Scott Johnson, West Liberty, and Miss Rebecca Conley were united in the holy bonds of matrimony last Sunday by Elder R. H. Ferguson.

French Helton was here buying cattle last week.

The mercantile firm of E. D. Bradley and son, will henceforth be styled Bradley and Blewens, Mr. Bradley having sold his interest to Squire A. F. Blewens.

Titus C. Fraley has moved on his brothers farm on Laurel branch.

Emerson Ferguson, of the Popular Plains, recently made a short visit here.

Albert Hutchinson, of Crockett, the photographer, was here the first of the week.

Monday, June 3rd, a peculiar wedding took place, Manford Baily and Miss Maggie Day were married in a carriage at R. H. Ferguson's. No one except Mr. Ferguson's family was present, and as a matter of fact no one objected. The groom is a son of T. H. Bailey, the bride is a daughter of Albert Day. They are of respectable parentage, and we bespeak for them a happy and prosperous future. The untimely knot was tied by Rev. Ferguson.

SLAB.

Mrs. J. E. Henry, Akron, Mich., tells how she did so. "I was bothered with my kidneys and had to go nearly double. I tried a sample of Foley's Kidney Pills and they did me so much good that I bought a bottle, and they saved me a big doctor bill." For weak back, backache, rheumatism, urinary and kidney troubles, use Foley's Kidney Pills. They help quickly. For sale by all Dealers.

GRASSY CREEK

Most of the people of the country have finished up their corn planting notwithstanding continuous rain. Oat crops, meadows, Irish potatoes and pastures are excellent, why should we murmur?

Mrs. A. B. McKinney and W. A. Testerman, of Morehead, attended decoration at Grassy Creek, 30 ult. Elder F. H. Hamilton, of Johnson county, attended the decoration at Grassy Creek being requested in the funeral of Elder H. W. Barker. Quite a number of the friends and relations on the occasion, viz: Eld. J. C. Barker, wife and son, of Still Water, W. B. Barker, of Omer, Mrs. W. P. Henry, of Henry, and a host of near by relatives were present and we had quite an enjoyable meeting. Mrs. J. W. Carter, who has been making his home in Illinois has recently returned. W. M. Henry and wife, of Blackwater, are visiting J. D. Henry and family of Grassy Creek. A man needs a good team to haul more than an empty wagon. Judge, spear up the over-seers. It looks like Clark and Roosevelt are having things their way. Roosevelt may have things his way, in June, but we will have them our way in November.

FAIR PLAY.

Charles Sable, 30 Cook St., Rochester, N. Y., says he recommends Foley's Kidney Pills at every opportunity because they gave him prompt relief from a bad case of kidney trouble that had long bothered him. Such a recommendation, coming from Mr. Sable, is direct and convincing evidence of the great curative qualities of Foley Kidney Pills. The genuine Foley Kidney Pills are never sold in bulk, but put up in sealed bottles, enclosed in a yellow carton. Ask for Foley Kidney Pills. Refuse substitutes. For sale by all Dealers.

We are prepared to furnish any and all kinds of cards and hand bills advertising horses, bulls or jacks. Give us a call and examine our work.

A Card.

This is to certify that Foley's Horey and Tar Compound does not contain any opiates, any habit forming drugs, or any ingredients that could possibly harm its users. On the contrary, its great healing and soothing qualities make it a real remedy for coughs, colds and irritations of the throat, chest and lungs. H. L. Blomquist, Esq., Wis., says his wife considers Foley's Horey and Tar Compound the best cough cure on the market. "She has tried various kinds but Foley's gives the best result of all." The genuine is in a yellow package. Ask for Foley's Horey and Tar Compound and accept no substitute. For Sale by all Dealers.

There are some husbands who are such poor providers that they can not furnish even an excuse.—Ex.

Each age of our lives has its joys. Old people's would be happy, and they will be if Chamberlain's Tablets are taken to strengthen the digestion and keep the bowels regular. These tablets are mild and gentle in their action and especially suitable for people of middle age and older. For sale by all dealers.

A Chicago man bought 30 bottles of whisky with which to end his life. But unfortunately for his purpose he became paralyzed before he could perish and the ignominious end of his endeavor to shuffle off this mortal coil with spirit was that he was pinched by the police.

\$25.00 Reward

The above reward will be paid to any person who will arrest Ott Hunt and deliver him to the jailer of Morgan county, Ky. This reward will be good until the first day of Juneterm of Morgan Circuit Court.

H. B. BROWN,
Sheriff Morgan County.

When your child has whooping cough be careful to keep the cough loose and expectoration easy by giving Chamberlain's Cough Remedy as may be required. This remedy will also liquify the tough mucus and make it easier to expectorate. It has been used successfully in many epidemics and is safe and sure. For sale by all dealers.

Public Notice.

Know All Men By These Presents: That the firm of Oakley & Lykins, which has formerly been doing a general merchandise business at West Liberty, has been dissolved by mutual agreement, and all concerned shall take notice of same and act accordingly.

Respectfully,
R. M. Oakley,
tf. One of firm.

\$100 Reward \$100

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing the work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.

Address F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, Ohio.
Sold by all Druggists, 75c.
Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

It is now well known that not more than one case of rheumatism in ten requires any internal treatment whatever. All that is needed is a free application of Chamberlain's Liniment and massaging the parts at each application. Try it and see how quickly it will relieve the pain and soreness. Sold by all dealers.

HAS BECOME MATTER OF JEST

Woman's Promise to "Obey" Husband, in Marriage Service, Perfunctory and Without Meaning.

With the advent of the female suffrage movement (the teaching of which will not be the movement gets somewhat stronger, he introduced into the common school system of the country) the word "obey" in the ordinary marriage service, already in disfavor with the leaders of the movement, will be shaken out of the prayer book, to be heard no more on sea or shore. As it is now the sentiment recognition this word receives after the wedding service is over is entirely perfunctory. James Douglas in London Opinion—in England the revolt against the word obey has already reached formidable proportions—says that the use and abuse of the word is continual and unblushing perjury in the courts of heaven—where marriages are made. To this he adds: "And nobody worries over it. It is taken for granted. Archdeacons wink at it, bishops chuckle over it, deans crack jokes over it. And with good reason, for their own wives break the vow of obedience as gayly as the wives of laymen. Is there one clergyman who will venture to admonish from the pulpit that his wife invariably and unconditionally obeys him all the year round? We know there is not. How, then, can the clergy expect from laywomen what they dare not expect from their own helpmeets? As a rule, the vicar's wife is a masterful dame, and it is well known that she is a badge of the cloth. Probably there are more henpecked husbands in orders than out of them. The traditional curate is a mild and timid being, who is born to obey."

HOW MOUNTAINS WERE NAMED

Interesting to Trace Derivation of the Famous Ranges of This Country.

Apalachian: Derived from the Canaanite (Mokawa) Tropic language, in which the original form is ratur-tak, meaning "dark waters."

Allegheny: A corruption of the Delaware Indian name for Allegheny and Ohio rivers, the meaning of the name being lost.

Appalachian: The name was given by the Spaniards under DeSoto, who derived it from the name of a neighboring tribe, the Apalachi. Britton holds its radical to be the Muscogee apala, "great sea," or "great ocean," and that apalache is a compound of this word with the Muscogee personal particle "chi," and means "those by the sea."

Blue Ridge: So called from the hue which frequently envelops its distant summits.

Catskill: The mountains were called katebergs by the Dutch, from the number of wildcats found in them, and the creek, which flows from the mountains, was called Katerskill, "tomcats' creek."

Ozark: The aux arcs was said to refer to the bends in White river, and was applied to the Ozark mountains, through which the river pursues a wandering course—in other words—to the mountains at the head of the river.

Sierra Nevada: A Spanish term signifying "snow-clad range."—Geological Survey.

Surely Professional.
It was well known that the late Dr. P. H. Brascotte, though he demanded and got large fees from his wealthy clients, gave much of his valuable time to treating poor patients, says the New York Herald. One case of a laboring man came under his notice, and he not only treated the man, visiting him every day and providing the necessary medicines free, but he managed also to see to it that the laborer's family did not suffer for food while the man was ill.

When the man got well again and went to work he sent out of his pocket a grateful letter and enclosed a two dollar bill, which Dr. Brascotte, rather than offend the grateful man by returning, put into his pocket.

One of his colleagues happened to be present at the time and started to reproach him for being so "unprofessional" as to accept so small a fee. "Why," said Dr. Brascotte, "I took all the poor devil had, I guess that was professional enough."

The Circus Auctioneer.

An auctioneer who had grown gray in the work had been urged repeatedly to retire.

"Not till I get a chance to auction off a circus," he said. "That is the height of my ambition. It is the point every good auctioneer works for. Not many of them, because there are not enough circuses to go around, but so long as a man wields the hammer he clings to the hope of getting a thing at a circus some day. I can't explain the fascination."

"Men who have sold circuses at auction tell me that it requires no more ability to sell lions and elephants than bonbon dishes. Maybe they are right, but circus managers must think otherwise, for of all the people who have goods to dispose of at auction the circus man is most particular about the qualifications and experience of his auctioneer."

Main Stand-By.

Mrs. Gramery—If we have to economize I suppose you'll proceed to give up the motor car?

Gramery—I should say not. We'll have to do it in some way that your neighbors can't see.—Puck.

There is no real need of anyone being troubled with constipation. Chamberlain's Tablets will cause an agreeable movement of the bowels without any unpleasant effect. Give them a trial. For sale by all dealers.

Calling, business and professional cards at this office.



HANNA'S LUSTRO FINISH
The Wife or Husband who takes pride in the beauty of the home can work wonders with
"HANNA'S LUSTRO FINISH"
"The Made To Walk on Kind"
Old floors can be refinished in Mahogany, Antique Oak or any color no matter what surface you have, if you work according to directions, which are simple and easily followed.
"HANNA'S LUSTRO FINISH" is also used on all kinds of Furniture and Woodwork in the home. This Finish does not fade and is absolutely durable, and on this you may depend. Many of the ladies derive pleasure in this work of beautifying their homes. "WHY DON'T YOU?"
FOR SALE BY
Oakley & Lykins.

GROCERIES

And Plenty of Them.
Cheap at the price and The Prices Cheap
Line Complete Nothing Lacking
Ice Cream Soda, Cold Drinks.
Prompt and efficient service
Come once and you'll come again
HENRY COLE
Salvors Building Main Street

Marshals Sale for Taxes.

By virtue of the taxes due the West Liberty Graded School District for the year 1911, I will on
June 10, 1912.

exposed to Public Sale to the highest bidder for cash, the following property, viz: all the unsold lots in the College addition to the town of West Liberty lying between Prestonburg street and the Long branch, Morgan County Ky., levied on as the property of Bowman Realty Co., to satisfy their taxes for the year 1911. The sale will take place at court house door about 10 o'clock A. M.
Amount of Tax \$30.00.
J. M. KENNED, Col.

For Sale

One Saw Mill, located at the mouth of Elk Fork. 20 horse power Huber Engine and double GARR-SCOTT mill. For further particulars call on or write
E. L. CAHILL,
West Liberty, Ky.

Caleb Juraio Joe Hatten

Will make the season of 1912 at SIX (\$6.00) to DOLLARS insure a living colt. The season will be made at John Carter's stable, West Liberty Ky., on Friday and Saturday of each week, the remainder of the time at my stable at Elam, Ky.

Care will be taken to prevent accidents but not responsible should any occur.

W. T. ELAM,
ELAM, KY.

Wanted,

We are still short the following numbers of the COURIER: 6, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 19, 22 and 24. Any one who will send or bring us these numbers will be suitably rewarded.

A sprained ankle may as a rule be cured in three to four days by applying Chamberlain's Liniment and observing the directions with each bottle. For sale by all dealers.

Hookworm Needed Also.
"See that measuring worm crawling up my skirt?" cried Mrs. Hjenks. "That's a sign I'm going to have a new dress." "Well, let him make it for you," growled Mr. Hjenks. "And while he's about it, have him send a hookworm to do you up the back. I'm tired of the job."

West Liberty Home Telephone Exchange.
Independent System.

Local and Long Distance.
W. M. Kendall Telephone Co.,
INCORPORATED.
W. M. KENDALL, PRES. and MGR.
Connection With Long Distance at Morehead.

Prepare for the "Rainy Day!" Start a Bank Account.

Sickness, old age and adversity are liable to come upon you. Prepare for the "rainy day" by laying up a part of your income. Begin to-day by starting a bank account that makes saving easy. We want to help you save your money. Every business courtesy accorded you.

Do Business the Safe way.
Capital Stock, \$15,000.
Deposits, \$60,000.
COMMERCIAL BANK,
West Liberty, Ky.
S. F. COLLIER, President. W. C. BLAIR, Vice-President.
W. A. DUNCAN, Cashier. D. E. HENRY, Asst. Cashier.

BARGAINS IN REAL ESTATE!

We are the **LIVE WIRES** in Real Estate!

If you don't see what you want advertised here, call on us, or write to us. We can suit you in town or farm property. If you have property to sell, list it with us.

West Liberty offers splendid opportunities for investment. A live, growing town, good school, natural gas, surrounding territory good farming, near vast coal deposits, on Licking river.

Property steadily advancing in price. Let us serve you.

COTTLE & HOVERMALE,
West Liberty, Ky.

Store Department
Kentucky Block Cannel Coal Co.,
CANNEL CITY, KY.

Will be pleased to supply merchants with Flour, Salt, Oil, Mill Feed, etc.

We also handle a complete line of General Merchandise for the Retail Trade. Also the best Farm Wagon to be had, and can make you close prices.

J. S. O'ROARK, Manager.

WINCHESTER BANK
WINCHESTER
Capital and Surplus
Deposits over
Solicitors
Correspondents
The best.